

The Hong Kong Daily News

No. 7062 號二十六零千七第

日廿六六年辰庚光

HONGKONG, TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1890.

號七十二月七英 潘香港

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH.

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.
July 25, ELISE, German ship, 984 Tons
Tons, Cardiff 10th March, Coal.—STEAMERS & Co.

July 26, CARIBBEAN, British steamer, 960,
Tons, Singapore, 19th July, General
Ben Hin & Co.

CLEARANCES
At the Harbor Master's Office,
July 26th.

ZAMBORGA, Spanish steamer, for Saigon,
Ota, British brig, for Tientsin.

Paul Marie from back, for Hamburg;
Cedars, German bark, for Toulon.

DEPARTURES.

July 26, KANG-CHU, Chinese steamer, for
Hokow.

July 26, CHIN-TUNG, Chinese steamer, for
Shanghai.

July 26, NINGPO, British steamer, for Canton.

July 26, MIZAPOR, British steamer, for
Singapore, Bawby, &c.

July 26, ELDORADO, British str., for Canton.

July 26, SUDA, British str., for Yokohama.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per Cribrook, str., from Singapore.—230
Chinese.

Per Orient, str., for Yokohama and San
Francisco.—Vladimir, Rev., Mrs. J.
A. McNamee, Assistant Consul, Gen.
C. E. Vassaroff, Major, Gen. P. Emeric, A.
J. Lewis, Asst. Rachich, and S. von Fuchs, and
2 natives in the steerage. Per San Francisco—
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. G. Stebbins and child, Mr.
and Mrs. D. T. Boyd and child, 3 Europeans,
and 336 Chinese in the steerage. Per London—
Messrs. E. Burnside, Thomas Innes, E. A.
Stevens, and A. Durbin, for Liverpool—
M. G. V. Osgood. For Bremen.—Mr. C. von
Pattan.

The following passengers departed last night
at 5 p.m. per D. & O. steamer Mizaport—

From Hongkong for Singapore.—Lieutenant
G. W. Gabbins, R.N. From Hongkong for
Galle.—Mr. H. Alder, from Hongkong for
Southampton.—Messrs. Evans, A. Hadley, and
S. J. Badcock. From Shanghai for Singapore.—
W. G. Gordon, Captain. From Yokohama
for Venice.—Mr. G. H. Macmillan. From Yoko-
hama.—Mr. and Mrs. Howitt and family.

TO DEPART.

Per Ota, for Tientsin.—2 Chinese.

REPORTS.

The British Admiralty Circular reports left
Singapore on the 19th instant, and had fresh
S.W. breeze and hazy weather.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

14. Albany, British steamer, from Taiwaufo.

15. H. C. Orsted, Danish str., from Shanghai.

15. Manchuria, British steamer, from Foochow.

16. Tokio Maru, Govt. bark, from Seatao.

16. Friedrich, German bark, from Newchwang.

17. Frisrich, German bark, from Chefoo.

17. Ondamit, British bark, from Foochow.

17. Meidamit, British bark, from Foochow.

17. Taffarette, French bark, from Hongkong.

17. DEPARTURES.

17. Haikong, British steamer, for Tamsui.

17. Stradmore, British str., for Hongkong.

17. Carl Ludwig, British str., for Foochow.

17. Admire, British str., from Newchwang.

17. Albany, British steamer, for Newchwang.

17. Frisrich, German bark, from Foochow.

17. Ondamit, British str., from Foochow.

17. Meidamit, British bark, from Foochow.

17. Taffarette, French bark, from Hongkong.

17. Haikong, British steamer, for Tamsui.

17. DEPARTURES.

17. Federick Hay, Brit. bark, for Nagasaki.

17. Arctic, American str., for Hongkong.

17. A. Reid, American str., for Shanghai.

17. Tokio Maru, Japan str., for Shanghai.

17. Tonic, French steamer, for Hongkong.

17. Brise, British bark, for Nagasaki.

17. Oceanic, British steamer, for Hongkong.

17. Gaule, British steamer, for San Francisco.

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17. Tokio Maru, Japan str., for Shanghai.

17. Brise, British bark, for Nagasaki.

17. Oceanic, British steamer, for San Francisco.

17. DEPARTURES.

17. Tokio Maru, Japan str., from Shanghai.

17. V. de Oliveira, Brazil, cor., from Hongkong.

17. Carl Ludwig, British str., for Foochow.

17. Admire, British str., from Newchwang.

17. Albany, British steamer, for Newchwang.

17. Frisrich, German bark, from Foochow.

17. Ondamit, British str., from Foochow.

17. Meidamit, British bark, from Foochow.

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THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY
FOR CHINA, JAPAN, &c.
For 1880.
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DIRECTORY".

This Work, the ONLY one of the kind in China
or Japan, is now in the

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It has been compiled from the MOST AUTHEN-
TIC SOURCES, and no pains have been spared to
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ence. The descriptions of each Port have
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KOI, HUNHOU, WAMPAA, CANTON, SWATOW,
AMOY, TAKAO, TAIWANPO, TAMSU, KEE-
LUNG, FOOCHEW, WENCHOW, NIANGPO, SHANG-
HAI, CHINCHING, KIUKIANG, WUHU, HANKOW,
IOHANG, CHIFOO, TAKU, TIENSIN, NEW-
CHWANG, PEKING, NAGASAKI, KORE (HOCO),
OSAKA, YOKOHAMA, NIIGATA, HAKODATE,
MANILA, LUCOB, SABAH, CAMBODIA,
HAIPHONG, HANOI, BANGKOK, and SINGA-
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Japan, the Philippines, and the Ports of An-
nam.

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REIGN SETTLEMENTS at SHANGHAI; a Chromo-lithograph Plate of the CODE OF
SIGNALS in use at VICTORIA; Plan and
Maps of the COAST of CHINA and HONG-
KONG.

"The Chronicle and Directory for China,
Japan, and the Philippines" is published in
Two Parts—Completes at \$5; or with the Lists
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Plan of Victoria, and Code of Signals, at \$3.

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Daily Press Office, 18th January, 1880.

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DRUGGISTS' SUPPLYMEN,
And
AERATED WATER MAKERS.

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Orders it is particularly requested that all
business communications be addressed to the
Firm, A. S. Watson and Co., or
HONGKONG DISPENSARIALY.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications on Editorial matters should be
addressed to "The Editor," and those on business "The
Manager," and not to individuals by name.

All letters for publication should be written on
one side of the paper only.

Advertisements which are not ordered for a fixed
period will be confirmed until countermanded.

Correspondents are requested to forward their name
and address with communications addressed to the
Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good
faith.

The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, JULY 27TH, 1880.

In view of the remarks made by His Lord-
ship the Chief Justice yesterday morning in
the Supreme Court, we think it is only right
to state that Mr. Grimson, the Registrar of
that Court, has never had any communication
with this Office, either directly or indirectly,
except on matters of business connected with
advertising. We should be sorry indeed to
allow the public to think that the Registrar had
had any way inspired any remarks in these
columns on the business of the Court, as that
would unquestionably be conduct eminently
unbefitting a servant of the Government. No
doubt the Chief Justice was quite right when
he so kindly recommended Mr. Grimson to
steer clear of the Press, but that gentleman
certainly stood in no need of the warning.

The Agents (Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and
Co.) inform us that the steamer *Mary* left
Singapore on this port on Sunday, the 25th inst.

Members of the Human Society are requested
to assemble at Head-quarters, Duddell-street,
to-morrow afternoon, at a quarter past six o'clock
for practice with the apparatus.

We hear it stated that indomitus are being
offered to Chinese to induce them to go to British
Guiana under terms similar to those under
which a number of coolies were sent to
some African ports a few years ago. There are three
hundred and fifty-five men and thirty women re-
quired. For the former a bounty of \$45 is
offered to each, and for the women of \$35.

We learn from a reliable northern source that
every probability exists of the difficulties between
Russia and China being brought to a settlement
without resort to violent measures, inasmuch as
the Peking government are anxious to dis-
pose of the *Li Liukin* as a pacific measure,
and not one of us is liable to stumble over
such trifling obstacles, but when once
stumbles too frequently over impediments
which to others are microscopic, the world
in general is apt, and justly too, to come
to the conclusion that the pedestrian in
the walk of life takes less heed to his
way than he rightly should. Of the merits
of the squabblers we cannot express an
opinion—that we leave to professional hands—
but of the absolute impropriety of the
scene enacted yesterday, even the most in-
different spectator or the most partial of
Sir JOHN'S SMALE's partisans and admirers
cannot fail to form a very sound estimate.

We have never learned the *foe et origo yadi*
of the existing feud between the parties con-
cerned in the scene referred to, therefore
whom the offence lies cannot be arrived at.
Yet we are not without some guide whereby
to form a judgment; for while one of the parties
is a newly arrived gentleman of whom we know
nothing save that he seems a most efficient
and industrious officer, and of whom those
competent to express an opinion affirm that
he is the best Registrar that ever held the
office in this Colony, the other is a dignitary
subject to ebullitions of passion giving birth
to outbursts of intemperance and caustic re-
marks, some of which have been placed on
record in the journals of the Colony. Had

the *Shanghai Courier* said—Chang Chih-
tung, the writer of the fan-as memorial to
recently gave to this world regarding the Treaty
of Livadia, has been appointed a Junior Deputy
Supervisor of Instruction [as Mayor's Chinese de-
partment, p. 26] and specially charged with the
direction of the studies of the *Hoi Apparatus*,
Mr. Emory had, during his long residence here,
met with friends of Chinese origin, and these
were easily induced to nominate such a candidate
as himself. The *Treaty of Livadia* as China, would
rather accept than resort to arms. The Imperial
Edict pronouncing Ching How's "temporary"
pardon was clearly intended by China as a pacific
measure, since it appears Russia had declined to
receive the Marquis Teng until the sentence of
death passed upon Ching How had been with-
drawn.

Among the passengers to Yokohama by the
O. and S. steamship was Mr. G. B. Emory,
who has noted as Agent for the Oriental and
Oriental Company in this port from its com-
mencement, and who now, on his appointment to
the Head Agency of the Company in the Far
East, has been compelled to leave Yokohama, so far
as his health would permit him to do so, and
has been induced to nominate such a candidate
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A ROW IN THE SUPREME COURT.

One of those unfortunate exhibitions which so
frequently take place in the Supreme Court
occurred yesterday. On this occasion Mr. Gibbons,
the Registrar, was the object on which the Chief Justice
nursed the vials of his wrath. It being the ordinary court day, there were a
number of small private and bankruptcy causes
on the list. On the first of these coming on, (in
which Mr. Holmes acted as solicitor), His Lordship
asked the Registrar if the papers ap-
pearing to it were all right and if he would
have so to rule. His Lordship—I do not know what they were all
right.

His Lordship—And you certify them?

Mr. Gibbons—I certify that he believed they were all
right, but he was not in a position to certify.

His Lordship addressing Mr. Holmes, said he believed
they were all right, but the Registrar would
certify.

The Registrar turned round and said
something to the judge, which the reporter
understood to be a statement that he did not
know before that it was the practice to certify,
but as in speaking to the judge he had to turn
his back to the body of the court, he was not
always distinctly heard.

His Lordship—There are many things you
didn't say before, and yet you profess to know
everything.

Mr. Gibbons—I don't profess to know
all my decisions are wrong, or most of them.

His Lordship—Well, you tell me so.

Mr. Gibbons—Well, if you put those words
into my mouth I can't say them.

His Lordship—Tell me as a direction I give
you.

Mr. Gibbons—The wrong was wrong. Well, go on.

His Lordship—What order do you give?

Mr. Gibbons—I adjourn it for the certificate of
the Registrar. I am sorry to give you the trouble, Mr. Holmes, but you know it is the rule

of this court that no man can be certified
unless he has been certified by another.

His Lordship—Well, I am sorry to do it, but I must take the certificate of the officer as security—my officer.

Another case was then called, in which Mr.
Johnson was the solicitor.

His Lordship—Have you gone through these
papers?

Mr. Gibbons—I believe they are all correct.

His Lordship—Will you certify them?

Mr. Gibbons—Well, if you put those words
into my mouth I can't say them.

His Lordship—Tell me as a direction I give
you.

Mr. Gibbons—The wrong was wrong. Well, go on.

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EXTRACTS.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

It only seems like yesterday.
Yet fifty years have passed away.
Since at the altar, side by side,
I stood with you my happy bride.
And now our children's children stand
Close gathered round, an eager hand;
Whilst we recall, with smiles and tears,
The joys and griefs of fifty years.

For we have known the eves of life,
Sweetest since we were man and wife;
Yet have not loved each other less
Through fifty years of happiness.
When clouds have threatened land and sea,
The skies have always cleared again;
And fifty years have come and passed,
And brought us nothing at last.

And now that we are old and grey,
We trust in Him, our Guide and Stay,
Our constant and unchanging Friend,
To lead us to the journey's end.

J. R. Eastwood.

A CINCINNATI HORSE AUCTION.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "is a horse."—Bystander—"Glad you told us it was a horse, or we might have taken it for a sheep."—Auctioneer—"That wouldn't be so very strange if it had your head on." You see before you, gentlemen, a family horse?"—Bystander—"He got those bunches on his knees from kneeling down at family prayer, didn't he?"—Auctioneer—"You'll never have any bunches on your knees on that account." A horse, gentlemen, that any family might well be proud of. Look what an eye he has."—Bystander—"What's become of the other eye?"—Auctioneer—"Genre to look after another such fool as you are. Like Old Dog Tray, so touchingly described by the Sweet Singer of Michigan (singing), 'He's gentle and he's kind'."—Bystander—"Blow the kind."—Auctioneer—"You'll never, never find"—Bystander—"He would be found by Court in Christendom for spring-haltations and interfering generally."—Auctioneer—"A better horse than this old grey. Old grey horse is ever faithful, &c., &c. But we cannot waste our time on poetry, although the noble animal before you is the very poetry of motion. It has been said, though with very little trustworthy foundation for the statement, that the rose originally was white only, then the sound of struggling in the opposite bunk. The intrepid hunter struck a light, and there, sure enough, was his cat, fully five feet in length, lying in the bed, its life-blood slowly oozing through a bullet-hole in its breast, and babbling with its crimson stream the blankets on which it had sought repose.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

UNDERGROUND NAPLES.

A correspondent at Naples writes:—"The more I live among the Neapolitans the more I understand their utter apathy as regards politics and political institutions. Mr. Gladstone called the Naples of the Bourbons 'the negation of God,' if he were to visit the 'underground Naples' of United Italy he might call it 'the negation of humanity.' Probably if you say to a municipal guard or to a policeman, 'I want to see the *fondaco*,' that is the dwellers in the fondaco, the gaves and grottoes—in which the people of Naples live, he will answer, 'Oh, the *fondaco* were pulled down long ago. As soon as the municipality was overthrown by the 'liberals,' they had those dens of misery and inquiry abolished,' and to put you off the track he will probably also tell you to some of the new buildings run up of late and inhabited by a decent class of working men. But these are not the *fondaco*; to find them you must change your guide, and plunge with him into the lowest byways of Pandino, or of Porto and Mercato. Choose and *fondaco* of which you may have heard the names, Divine Love, the Crucifix, the Abbot, the Slave. You enter a court-yard and, after a few steps, you will hear probably that the father and the *pizzicilli* are gone to *bucare* *quattro sottili*, *sottili*—*bucare* being an exotic word, meaning beg, borrow, steal, or earn. An outer staircase leads to the various floors, six or seven in number, six rooms on a floor, and ten or twelve persons in a room. Often two or three rooms receive light one from the other, and there is a hole in the roof which opens itself to the wall. The rent of each room varies from four, four-and-a-half, five-and-a-half francs to eight, ten, and even fourteen francs a month. Some of the inhabitants have beds, some have none, and the heaps of straw seem literally alive. In the daytime you only find at home the smallest children, with their mothers—skeletons of children, deformed, diseased, with little wizened faces, when only a miracle can save from life-long suffering and crime. No one thinks of them, no one cares for them; no lady from the better parts of Naples ever enters here, no priest or pastor sets foot on those mud-paved floors. A visit from a *palatissimo* is such a rare occurrence that you are immediately surrounded by hundreds of Lazareroni all asking for a *grana*, very often not for themselves, but for the most miserable among them. What distinguishes these poor people from brutes it is difficult to say. They have the affection of brutes for their offspring and they are extraordinarily kind and tender to their old people. Of human authorities they have three chief concessions—the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the recruiting sergeant. Of course beyond the threshold of their hovels, the nearest and dearest is the chance of winning a lottery ticket. They have also a faint idea that St. Genaro if he chose, and the Madonna if she would, could better their lot. The inhabitants of these *fondaco* vary in number from 200 to 300, in the basi or subterranean cells about twelve thousand in all, congregating from the new splendid Corso Vittorio Emanuele, glancing upwards to the castle of St. Elmo, downwards to the Riviera di Chiaia, could imagine that by just turning to the left and descending some steps out of the rock they would reach a haunt of misery such as I believe is without parallel in any other city. At first he will believe himself in one of the catacombs of Rome, but very soon the sound of human voices will convince him that he is in the abode of the living. The grotto has three branches, and here and there in some of its winding recesses comes a gleam of light from some open courtyard; but in the main, darkness, black as night, reigns supreme. A bit of wine drips across the grotto divides the apartments, in each of which is some sort of bed, varying in size and quality according to the means of the lodgers. In the extreme end of the grotto misery is found on a descending scale—six, eight, ten men, women, and children huddled on a straw shakewell, and for the few feet of earth on which they place it a month, respectively four or five francs a month. In spite of the wretched conditions under which they exist, these people are orderly, are kind to each other, and put together the sum necessary to day for the lodging of an old woman who has nothing and can do nothing. Those who can cover their children with a decent frock and give them a pair of shoes, and send them to the infant or elementary schools; but these are few indeed, and most of them remain in the grotto until they are of age for the cumerist to take them in training, or until death puts an end to suffering and cuts off the chance of crime. And be it remembered, I am writing of the better class of the population of Naples—of those who do manage to escape. The dogs stand barking at a distance, the huntsman's horn stuck to his lips. The prince gave her a parcel of land to be a sanctuary for all conies. There you can see her bed in the chaff of a rock, and in the church is a rude wooden carving representing may have scuttled to her for protection. Till lately no one in that parish would kill a hare; and all believed that if, meeting a hare, he struck it with his horn, he would be the earliest of all commercial productions of the kind. This is not, perhaps, so remarkable when we observe how generally among the ancients the hare was a prima favorite, not apparently so much for its beauty as for the particular property—its delusive perfume. The hare was habitually employed by the wealthy in manner that belied no recognition of their beauty, as, for instance, when Cleopatra, at a feast, gave care to Antonia, covered the floor at her languishing boudoir with the blossoms of roses to the depth of an ell, keeping them down in a compact layer by stretching a net over them. Beds and pillows made of fresh roses were common both with the Romans and Greeks, and some of their monarchs were fond of showering blossoms down on their guests as they sat at table, one of them, as the story goes, pouring them down in such overwhelming profusion as to stifle some of his visitors who were covered so deep in them that they were unable to extricate themselves. There were a good many other purposes to which the more luxuriant of the ancents applied roses. It was made to impart its odour to wine, and it is related that Heliogabalus, not content with drinking this "rose wine," was wont to bathe in it, and even went so far as to set up a large public swimming bath filled with this costly fluid.

It would, of course, be a great mistake to imagine that because the ancents put their roses to these utilitarian purposes they were indifferent to their beauty. The rose was with them, just as it is with us, the queen of flowers; and they showed their appreciation of it by decking the brows of these girls, their heroes, and their statues with wreaths of them. One use of the rose by the Greeks has, in a very curious way, made its mark on our own times. The flower was the emblem of the circumstance, made his way to the hardhouse, determined to interview the beast that had taken possession. When he arrived at the ranch, about four o'clock p.m., he was somewhat surprised to find the animal had, and disposed to fight for the establishment; but at sight of the gun the mite carried he flew up the chimney and into the brush. Garrison hung around until dark, then went to bed, placing his gun where he could reach it, and quietly waited for Mr. Cut. About ten o'clock he heard a roar, followed by the sound of a footstep, followed by the sound of a footstep across the floor, and the sight of the flaming eyes peering at him from the spouse bed. John carefully raised his rifle, took as good aim as he could in the gloom and darkness at the shining orb, and fired. The report of the rifle was followed by a short scream of agony, then the sound of struggling in the opposite bunk. The intrepid hunter struck a light, and there, sure enough, was his cat, fully five feet in length, lying in the bed, its life-blood slowly oozing through a bullet-hole in its breast, and babbling with its crimson stream the blankets on which it had sought repose.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

The snowy fowl feeds her blood, and banishes.

Another poet tells us that it was in the Garde d'Etoile that the first red rose appeared.

Eve laid her ruddy lips on the pure white blossom, which borrowed a little of their colour. Sir John Mandeville, however,

brings a story from the East which ascribes the ori, in white and red roses to a miraculous intervention on behalf of a "fair maid" about to be burned at the stake. In answer to her prayer the fire was extinguished,

and the faggots blomed out profusely with roses, some of which were white while others turned into ruby flowers, and these were the first roses that "ever any man saugh."

We are told: "The white rose seems to belong especially to our island. It is very curious to find the elder Pliny endeavouring to make out a derivation of the early name of our country either from its white cliffs or from its white roses, which are absurd in it. It may have been named, he says, "ob rosas albus." As an anonymous writer remarks, in commenting on this passage in Pliny, "we look with almost a new pleasure on the roses of our own hedgerows when regarding them as descended in a straight line from the 'rosas albus' of those far-off sunmers." It is strange to find that when the Romans first came to our shores, our white cliffs were scarcely more striking in appearance than were the white roses on our hedges and woodlands. The Romans, however, those who go afield to learn Nature's ways confess that this is one of her unsolved mysteries. It is not temperature which decides the habitat of the nightingale, for while it shuns some of the most favoured parts of Britain, it abounds as far north as York and Kynsna, and even to the south.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A considerable amount of jealousy is entertained by the neglected districts towards the counties favoured by the capricious autocrat, and the neglect is the harder to bear because it is inexplicable. Why should the counties of Kent and Surrey enjoy the services of the prima donna, while the west country woods have to put up with such inferior stars as the thrush and blackcap? Many fanciful theories have been advanced by closet ornithologists, but those who go afield to learn Nature's ways confess that this is one of her unsolved mysteries. It is not temperature which decides the habitat of the nightingale, for while it shuns some of the most favoured parts of Britain, it abounds as far north as York and Kynsna, and even to the south.

Its migration is defined by line of longitude instead of latitude, and the best we can say on the subject is that the reason why we cannot tell. That it needs the cowslip's nectar to moisten its throat we may dismiss as a poet's fancy, and provided that it finds a plentiful diet of ants' eggs, worms, insects, and berries, it will cheerfully forego the traditional mealworm. One thing it insists on and that is solitude and freedom from molestation. It is a curious instance of this bird's reluctance to depart from established custom that though it will return from its wanderings year by year to the self-same boathouse, young birds which have been hatched and reared in a strange locality forsake the land of their forced adoption after their first migration. As is the case with several of our spring visitors, the males arrive first, and this is the period when the bird-catchers are on the alert, for it has been found that they pine in captivity if smothered in a cage.

GOSSIP OF THE ROYAL DRAWING ROOMS.

It certainly is not often that the sun's rays penetrate so keenly into London salons as to the Drawing Room held at Buckingham Palace recently; but it was generally remarked that the rage for paint, has increased, and that many very pretty faces were displayed by it. A good many little awkwardesses occurred. One unfortunate lady, I am told, was seated with as sudden and violent an attack of indisposition in the very last room as to be quite unfit to appear before the Queen. Another young lady, stricken by hysteria or faintness, also had to leave the Palace without making her curtsey. I am shocked to hear that there were again instances of ladies turned back from want of sufficient clothing. To be too much or too little dressed is an equally unpardonable fault in Court etiquette. The amazing thing is that such mistakes can occur after so many warnings.—*Vanity Fair.*

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The hare in several parts of Wales is either sacred or uncanny. Where there is a witch in the neighbourhood she is sure to go about in the form of a hare. At Llangyndaf, Montgomery, the superstitution takes a singularly beautiful form. Here hares are called St. Melangell's lambs, the store being that Melangell (Monaclia), daughter of an Irish King, took a vow of celibacy and fled from her father's court to the wilds of Montgomery to avoid marriage. Here the Prince of Powys, half-hunting one day, was astonished to find the game run under the robe of a beautiful virgin who was kneeling in prayer. The dogs stood barking at a distance, the huntsman's horn stuck to his lips. The prince gave her a parcel of land to be a sanctuary for all comers. There you can see her bed in the chaff of a rock, and in the church is a rude wooden carving representing may have scuttled to her for protection.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that according to all the authorities on perfumery matters—the rose was the first flower of which we have any record as having been made to yield its scent in an embossed "contract." "Rose water" is pronounced to be the earliest of all commercial productions of the kind. This is not, perhaps, so remarkable when we observe how generally among the ancients the rose was a prima favorite, not apparently so much for its beauty as for the particular property—its delusive perfume. The hare was habitually employed by the wealthy in manner that belied no recognition of their beauty, as, for instance, when Cleopatra, at a feast, gave care to Antonia, covered the floor at her languishing boudoir with the blossoms of roses to the depth of an ell, keeping them down in a compact layer by stretching a net over them. Beds and pillows made of fresh roses were common both with the Romans and Greeks, and some of their monarchs were fond of showering blossoms down on their guests as they sat at table, one of them, as the story goes, pouring them down in such overwhelming

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